

## We Own the Night by Luddleston

**Category:** Overwatch (Video Game)

**Genre:** Accidental Voyeurism, M/M, Masturbation, so much masturbation

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Hanzo Shimada, Jesse McCree

**Relationships:** Jesse McCree/Hanzo Shimada

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-09-05

**Updated:** 2016-09-05

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 11:29:00

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 3,652

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

McCree doesn't *mean* to, er, catch Hanzo in the act, as it were, it just. *Happens.*

Five times McCree and Hanzo accidentally catch each other with their pants down, one time they do it on purpose.

## We Own the Night

### Author's Note:

This was just sitting, completely finished, on my desktop for a month? So uh, here you go, have some accidental voyeurism. A lot of it. Enjoy, my dudes.

The first time it happened was admittedly due to McCree's own stupidity.

It happened just after McCree's return to Overwatch, and it must've been early on for Hanzo, too. The two of them got sent out on a mission together, because it was low-priority and Hanzo was the new guy, something along those lines. Whatever. He and Hanzo had adjoining hotel rooms in this tiny shithole of a motel, and McCree was about to go to sleep when he heard something through the paper-thin walls. Now, what a normal person who was *not* completely creepy would do was roll right on over and forget he ever heard his coworker doing something that could easily have been completely innocuous.

Jesse McCree was not a normal person, nor did he really trust that Shimada guy yet. So he sat up, turned his head toward the wall, pressed his ear to it, trying to determine whether Hanzo was doing something shifty.

For a moment, there was no sound, and McCree almost lay back down. He was about to convince himself he'd been imagining things, but then he heard it.

A low, resonant noise, like a groan. Pain, maybe? He mentally clicked through the reasons Hanzo could've been making those kind of sounds until he heard another noise, louder, with a bit more voice to it and—

Oh.

*Oh.*

*Fuck.*

That was definitely pleasure, not pain.

Why the hell was—

It was yesterday, wasn't it? Yesterday, when McCree said something stupid, something like, *damn, Shimada, you look stressed. Take care of some of that tension, yeah?* and it had been accompanied with a hand gesture that made Hanzo's eyes narrow at him. McCree thought it was just a joke gone down the tubes, but now he was realizing that either Hanzo had gotten a very coincidental boner or he'd actually taken McCree's offhand advice.

Now, he really should've rolled over and shoved a pillow over his head (maybe that one wasn't even necessary, 'cause Hanzo wasn't that loud), but he'd always been a little stupid, so he stayed right where he was and listened. Hanzo moaned again, louder this time, like he was finally letting loose or like he just couldn't help himself.

Either way, McCree was officially sweating it, the back of his neck prickly and hot, his fingers itching. He needed a smoke. Or he needed to listen to Hanzo longer.

He shifted, and his boxers pulled tight over his half-hard cock, and the whole thing made his brain short out a little.

"*Jesus Christ,*" McCree muttered to himself. He couldn't keep listening or it was about to get real sleazy, so he got out of bed and grabbed one of his cigars from the case he'd left on the bedside table. The place didn't have a balcony he could go out to for a smoke, and technically he wasn't s'posed to be lighting up in the room, but he didn't give a shit. He cracked the window and figured that'd be just fine. The place didn't even have walls thick enough to keep a guy from hearing his teammate jacking off from the next room over.

He took a pull of his cig and closed his eyes, then decided better of that and left them open. Looking at the peeling wallpaper and thin, old blankets on the bed could keep anyone (except Hanzo, apparently) from getting in the mood. Not even the nicotine, however, was enough to keep him from imagining Hanzo spread out on the shitty little hotel mattress, head tipped

back, hair undone, eyes shut, tattoo trailing all the way down his arm to where his fist was wrapped around his cock, moving as carefully as he did when he pulled an arrow out of his quiver.

Or maybe that wasn't his thing. Maybe he was laying on his belly, three fingers stuffed up his ass, his cock rutting against the bedsheets and—*fucking hell*, McCree couldn't think.

With an aggravated noise, he jammed his cigar into his metal palm to snuff it out and went for a cold shower. By the time he got back into bed, there was quiet from next door.

Still didn't mean McCree was sleeping easy.

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Hanzo didn't mind stakeouts when he was alone. The peace and quiet was nice, and being able to focus on the task at hand kept his mind from wandering to... unpleasant places. He didn't even mind being positioned at the top of a building, after all, it was a pleasant day and where else was he going to go to plant an arrow in their target's heart from a rooftop?

McCree had been quiet on the other end of the communicator, too. Hanzo appreciated that much, especially since on every other mission, McCree was a near-constant source of noise, like a buzz in the back of his mind that he couldn't quiet get to go away. Hanzo wasn't sure whether he liked it or not, and he supposed that all depended on whether McCree actually expected him to listen to whatever nonsense he was prattling on about.

Hanzo briefly wondered if McCree had simply turned the communicator off. He wouldn't mind if so; the assassination wouldn't likely require backup, and Hanzo had told McCree not to expect to hear from him.

It did make him feel strangely more lonely, though.

After a beat, he heard something staticky and quiet over the comm. So McCree hadn't turned it off.

There was another noise, something almost too low and quiet for the mic to pick it up. Hanzo was suddenly on high alert, listening for whatever the hell McCree was doing.

He was immediately glad no one else was around, because his face went bright red when he realized the little noises were *moans*. That idiot had forgotten to turn his communicator off before... well. *Well*.

Hanzo imagined any number of things he could do to get McCree to stop—snapping at him over the comm was the most probable, considering he couldn't *actually* shoot McCree's hat right off his head from this distance. And not just because he probably wasn't wearing it.

For some reason, though, he didn't do it. Instead, he waited, listening, tension coiling inside of him. There was another noise from McCree, louder this time, and more guttural, like it was pulled straight from his chest. The next sound was like a kick in the ribs, and had Hanzo breathing like the wind had been knocked straight out of him.

There was a quiet, "yeah," from the other end of the comm, and Hanzo slapped a palm over his mouth to keep from making some sound that McCree could hear. How had he forgotten to—although. Perhaps he hadn't forgotten. Hanzo was struck with an image of McCree brushing his fingertips against the communicator in his ear, deciding deliberately to leave it in so that Hanzo could hear the noises he made while he touched himself (he *had* to be touching himself, right?), in hopes that Hanzo would respond somehow.

Responding was out of the question, though, Hanzo was dumbstruck and he wouldn't even *think* about getting his dick out on a mission. Unprofessional.

"*Oh.*" McCree was breathing heavily enough that Hanzo could hear each inhale and exhale, and he had an urge to yank his communicator off and toss it off the roof. If it still worked when it landed, someone else would have to deal with the...issue. Although, the thought of someone else hearing this set something to boil inside him. How odd.

McCree had been flirting with him often, but it all seemed like a joke until Hanzo heard it—a moan like none of the rest had been, and a whisper—that was his name. That was *his name*, there was no mistaking it, McCree was...

He was fucking *moaning Hanzo's name* while he got off, and it was driving Hanzo insane. Next time he saw McCree, he was going to slam him into the wall and. And.

Shit, he wasn't even *pronouncing it right*.

Hanzo jerked the comm out of his ear and turned it off. He had not time to think about whatever stupid thing McCree was doing, because his target was moving into position.

The assassination was quick and easy.

The resulting interaction with McCree was not. Hanzo didn't think he'd ever be able to look him in the eye again.

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McCree was stuck stock still, staring at Hanzo laying on the couch in the dim of the empty living room. Insomnia was something of an epidemic on the Overwatch base, so finding someone awake and downstairs at three in the morning wasn't unusual, but *this*.

This was something else.

Hanzo was laying with his legs kicked over the back of the couch, completely nude, but the robe-thing he slept in was under him, like he'd just undone the sash at the waist and slipped out of it. His legs were thrown over the arm of the couch and one of his hands was on his chest, the other around his cock. The angle of the couch let him thrust up into his hand jerkily, while he squeezed his own tits, mouth open like he would've moaned if he had the voice to do so.

McCree had to slap a hand over his mouth to keep from cursing, moaning, or anything else in between. He was pretty damn sure he'd gotten this hard,

this fast at some point in his life, probably somewhere around twenty years ago, but right now, he couldn't think of anything sexier than Hanzo's tattooed leg moving to give his hand more room to work, his cock dripping pre-come on his belly.

God, how the *fuck* did this keep happening. After the thing with the comms (forgetting to turn it off like an idiot and then jerking it while thinking about Hanzo's moans, yeah, that was extra stupid), he was liable to think Hanzo was doing this on purpose. But Hanzo weren't petty enough for that, and he knew it. But *damn*, was he fine.

Hanzo made a tiny noise as he ran his thumb over the head of his dick, his hips rocking like he couldn't hold himself back. His little half-gasp had McCree nearly doubling over with a sudden wave of heat. He was hard already, his sweatpants doing little to hide, not that he had anyone to hide from. Hanzo clearly hadn't noticed him yet, because he was still running his fingers over his nipple and his breaths were still coming hot and fast.

McCree realized something very suddenly. He was about to watch Hanzo come if he stayed. McCree's breath started to come faster, and he watched Hanzo's back pull tight like his bowstring before he loosed an arrow and *oh god he was almost there*.

It was too much. McCree turned on his heel and ran back to his room. He barely got the door slammed shut behind him before he shoved his hands down his pants, coming all over the inside of his sweatpants within the span of a minute.

His stamina may have gotten a bit embarrassing (dry spell and all), but damn, if didn't want more.

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Hanzo hadn't realized exactly how long his workout had been going on. He was pushing himself harder than usual, certainly, but when he glanced at the clock on the wall, he thought for a moment he had to be reading it wrong. He wasn't.

After putting himself through his cool-down stretches, he headed for the showers. This base's facility wasn't as up-to-date as some of the other Overwatch bases he'd been at, but Hanzo didn't necessarily mind the communal showers. He wasn't exactly modest, which, he'd noticed, surprised some of his teammates. He wasn't entirely certain why—after all, he was generally the only one of them who ran around bare-chested all the time.

Well. That depended on how much Reinhardt had had to drink.

He walked into the showers quietly, scanning the room to determine who else was there. The water was running, so Hanzo certainly wasn't alone, but he couldn't see who it was from his position by the door. He was loath to admit it even to himself, but he was attempting to avoid McCree after the... *incident* with the comms. McCree had apologized, but he didn't look too sorry about it, and the whole thing had Hanzo unusually riled up, so much so that he hadn't been able to sleep, and ended up on the couch in the living room, *taking out his frustrations*, as it were.

With no indication of who else was in the showers, Hanzo undressed and left the changing room, only to find himself face-to-face with the exact person he'd wanted to avoid. Of course.

McCree was half-facing him, his body turned away like he was trying to hide something, which... *oh*, which made sense once Hanzo realized he had a hand on his dick.

“What the hell are you doing.”

“What does it look like I’m doing?” McCree asked, still angled away from him, trying his best to avoid eye contact. Hanzo had his hand clenched into a fist, keeping his arm flexed so he wouldn’t be able to get hard as easily. He attempted to keep his eyes off McCree’s wet, naked body too, but that proved difficult.

“I. Are you *trying* to get caught?”

“Hey, I’ve caught you as many times as you’ve caught me.”

Hanzo gave him a look that must have been terrifying, because McCree crouched in on himself a little, like he was trying to make himself small. “What do you mean.”

“I, uh, I s’pose... that thing on the couch wasn’t to get me back for the comm?”

“No,” Hanzo said, voice sharp, “it was *not*.”

McCree brought a hand up to his head like he was going to try to tip his hat over his eyes but he’d forgotten he wasn’t wearing one. “Ah... sorry then, darlin’, I just—“

“*You watched me?*” Hanzo was flushed from the tips of his ears all the way down his chest, and he couldn’t decide whether he was annoyed or aroused. Or both.

“I didn’t... I didn’t stay, I just. I saw, and then I... might’ve watched a little ‘cause I couldn’t figure out what the hell to do, but I wasn’t. God. I’m not a perv, y’know.”

Hanzo wasn’t sure whether he believed it, and he was less sure whether or not he cared. That thought scared him more than anything. “Go, Jesse,” he said, and hardly noticed that it was the first time he’d called McCree by name.

“Huh?”

“We’re done here, I think,” Hanzo determined. “Go. Let me shower in peace.”

“Hanzo—“

“I mean it. I need... I need to think.”

McCree shook his head and left Hanzo alone. Once he was gone, Hanzo’s muscles loosened and he leaned against the wall of the shower, under the shower-head McCree had left running.

He had to think.

Luckily, no one else was there to interrupt him.

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McCree found himself sorta wishing he didn't have to go to talk to Hanzo. Sure, mission details were important and what-the-hell-ever, but after that conversation in the showers, he was starting to fear Hanzo would actually shoot his eye out or somethin'.

Well. Maybe Hanzo wouldn't kill him if he mentioned having information from Morrison. He wasn't entirely sure what Hanzo's policy on shooting the messenger was, exactly. He'd have to just wave the note from Morrison like a white flag and see how it went from there.

He steadied himself in front of the door, cleared his throat for no good reason, and knocked, the metal of his fist echoing against the metal of the door.

Hanzo didn't answer.

McCree cleared his throat again. "Hey, Hanzo? You in there?" he called, reaching up to knock again and then deciding better of it.

He heard something like shuffling from inside, as though Hanzo had been laying in bed and got up when McCree knocked. "One moment," Hanzo called from inside the room, and McCree waited, tapping his fingers on his opposite arm. He needed a smoke.

The door opened less than a foot, Hanzo's face peering up at him. His hair was a bit out of place, like he'd put it up too fast, some strands hanging down in his eyes, his ponytail a little off-center, and his face was flushed like he'd been on a long run. Except that he was in his room.

"What is it?" Hanzo asked, his words a little breathy. He wasn't wearing a shirt. As soon as McCree noticed, Hanzo closed the door further like he was trying to hide. Why the hell would he need to go doin' that? He looked

kinda... kinda like he'd been fucking, but McCree didn't know anyone on the base who'd go within ten feet of that.

"Missive from 76—Hanzo, what the hell're you doing in there?" McCree glanced over his shoulder like he was looking around the room for whoever Hanzo was hiding.

"Nothing," Hanzo said, but it sounded too dismissive, too much like a lie.

"Yeah. Stop bullshitting me."

"It doesn't concern you."

"Whatever, then," McCree said, not willing to push the issue further. He was about to just shut the door and send Hanzo the information on his phone, because he couldn't deal with this kinda prickliness, but Hanzo opened the door further and McCree realized two things. One, Hanzo was in his boxers. Two, and more importantly, Hanzo's boxers had an extremely obvious stain on the front of them. McCree sucked a sharp breath in between his teeth and let it out in a whistle. "Goddamn."

Hanzo gave him a sharp, wicked smile, then glanced down as if he was keeping an eye on the space in between them. "I was thinking of you," he said, before snatching the note out of McCree's hand and shutting the door.

McCree ran back to his room, no time to mosey when he had the image of Hanzo spread out on the bed, touching himself through his boxers, thinking about *him*, god, it was too much. He slammed the door behind him with unnecessary force and swiped his hat off his head, fanning himself with it. He was overheated already, and his dick was about to start pressing into his belt buckle.

The buckle slammed into the wall when he undid his belt and threw it, but he didn't give a shit. He undid his pants, flopping back onto his bed, and wondered what Hanzo looked like when he came.

That just about did it for him, too.

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They had sex for the first time a few days after Hanzo had let McCree catch him in the act. Soldier 76 had told him that McCree was en route to his room with the file, and Hanzo had taken the opportunity to be a bit of an ass. It worked out well, though, because the following Friday, when he and McCree were both a little tipsy, McCree worked up the initiative to grab Hanzo and kiss him breathless.

The rest was—well. Hanzo had since banished all regrets of catching McCree with his pants literally down.

And just today, McCree had walked past, bent to put his lips near Hanzo's ear, and said, "come by my room later, darlin'?"

He'd nearly expected to walk in on McCree sitting on a bed full of rose petals with candles burning and sensual music playing, but instead, he got an eyeful of McCree laying back on his unmade bed, his mechanical hand threaded through his hair, the other wrapped around his cock, which lay hot and hard along the vee of his hip. Hanzo swallowed, because he found his mouth suddenly wet.

"Jesse," he said, announcing himself and closing the door before anyone else walked past and got to enjoy the view.

"Howdy, Sunshine."

"Jesse," he said again, sotto voce this time. He padded closer, undoing his clothes on the way, but McCree didn't stop touching himself, his fist curled around his cock and jerking hard and fast, his opposite hand scratching through his chest hair as he tipped his head to the side, grinning warmly at Hanzo.

"You wanna come on over and join me here?"

He gave one short, jerky nod and crossed the room to sit on the bed next to McCree, running his fingers down McCree's chest. He was slick with sweat, and shaking a little. "What *have* you been up to?" Hanzo asked.

“Already came once,” McCree said, pointing his chin at a crumpled pile of tissues on the bedside table. Hanzo wrinkled his nose at them but he couldn’t be disgusted for long, because McCree was arching his back nearly off the bed, giving him this pitiful look like he’d start whining if Hanzo didn’t kiss him right now, and Hanzo wanted nothing more than to indulge McCree’s pleasures.

He bent to kiss McCree and felt the cool metal of his palm on his shoulder, pulling him closer. His other hand was still moving, and Hanzo let him stroke himself while he undressed, sliding his pants over his prosthetic legs and off, straddling McCree’s hips once he was nude. “Whatever shall I do with you?” he asked himself, gently taking McCree’s wrist in his hand and pulling until McCree couldn’t reach to touch himself anymore. He placed McCree’s wrist over his head, planting it there firmly, patting his wrist so McCree would know not to move it. For as belligerent as he was normally, he could be quite obedient in bed.

“Anything you wanna,” McCree offered. Hanzo rolled one shoulder and it cracked, then he leaned down on his elbow and kissed him, lips warm and firm against McCree’s.

“A dangerous offer.”

McCree simply grinned up at him. “Show me what you can do, sugar.”

#### **Author's Note:**

I'm on the tumblr @luddleston (nsfw tumblr @seldula), if you wanna enjoy more gay content.